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XLI

Eighteen items

Life, Trial, and Behaviour

Of Miſs MARY SMITH,

Of Thornbury, in Glouceſterſhire,

Who poiſoned her Father,

Sir JOHN SMITH,

For Love of a YOUNG MAN:

With her dying Speech at the place of Execution, which was in Glouceſter Market-place, the 24th of the laſt month.

You have alſo the Text of the Sermon which was preached the Morning before the Execution.

Let the ſighing of the Priſoner come up before thee; according to the greatneſs of thy power, preſerve thou thoſe that are appointed to die. Pſalm lxxxix. 11. ver.

LIKEWISE,

An Account how the Young Man died for Grief.

Entered according to Order.

The Life and Behaviour of Mary Smith.

THIS pattern here I ſhall unfold,
The which is worth its weight in gold,
It may be a cordial to the ſoul,
Of thoſe that are undutiful
In Thornbury liv'd a noble knight,
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
On whom he plac'd his love moſt dear,
As by this book you ſoon ſhall hear.
When grown up ſhe was very tall,
Having a handſome face withal;
Many a courter to her came,
'Squires, Knights and Lords of fame.
One time upon a certain day,
A noble Lord of high degree,
Unto her father came, we find,
To whom he did diſclote his mind.
The father for his child did ſend,
Saying, I adviſe thee as a friend
To wed this man; he has wealth in ſtore,
And thou wilt be made for evermore.
She fell upon her bended knees,
And ſaid, Dear father, if you pleaſe,
To wed, I think I am too young;
But Sir, your pleaſure ſhall be done.
The father ſaid, My deareſt child,
Thou ſhalt not wed againſt thy mind;
Might I have all that e'er I ſee,
I would not force my child, ſaid he.

Thus when her father's love she'd try'd
Her ſu tors all ſhe ſtraight deny'd;
And farther gave out word to all,
That ſhe would wed with none at all.

At length her tender yeilding heart,
Was pierc'd with Cupids wounding dart,
That ſhe her pains could not remove,
So ſhe became a ſlave to love

One Mr. Watts as it is ſaid,
He was a wig-maker by trade,
Being a very handſome man,
He did her yeilding heart trapan.

At laſt her father came to know,
His daughter lov'd this young man ſo,
He in a violent rage did fall,
And for his daughter he did call.

And when ſhe came to him, he ſaid,
Is this the choiſe that thou haſt made,
Art thou ſo fond that thou muſt wed,
With one who cannot get his bread.

Get from my ſight, and come no more
Within the threſhold of my door;
Begone, ſaid he, as here I live,
I'll cut thee off from all I have.

With that ſhe fell upon her knees,
While tears ran trickling down like peaſe,
Dear father I the fault confeſs,
And further more your pardon aſk.

Upon your daughter pity take,
And here I will this promiſe make,
Never for to go near him more,
Nor let him come within your door.

She from her father ſtraight did part,
With flowing eyes and melting heart;
And in her chamber all alone,
With wringing hands ſhe made her moan.
My deareſt dear and I, ſaid ſhe,
For evermore muſt parted be;
O Heavens eaſe me of my care,
My grief is more than I can bear.
With heavy ſighs and bitter cries,
While tears came pouring from her eyes,
Kiſſing his lips, my dear, ſaid ſhe,
I'll venture life and ſoul for thee.
While tears came flowing down amain,
With heart oppreſt with grief and pain,
This couple forced were to part,
With flowing eyes and bleeding heart,
In tears ſhe ſpent the night away,
And oft-times to herſelf would ſay,
Lord, help a Lover in diſtreſs,
My ſorrows they are numberleſs.
As ſhe lay weeping on her bed,
The Devil put it in her head,
That ſhe would not obtain her will,
'Till ſhe her father dear would kill.
Straight from her bed ſhe did ariſe,
Wiping the tears from her poor eyes;
With heart oppreſt with grief and woe,
Into the kitchen ſhe then did go.
Upon the fire now there was ſet,
Some poſſet boiling in a pot;
Which for her father was prepar'd,
Who then was walking in the yard.

The poor wretched ſoul immediately,
Put in three drams of mercury;
Which indeed was enough or more,
To kill or murder half a ſcore.

Then in her father and ſiſter came,
And drinking off the very ſame,
Not thinking any harm at all,
But for his wife he ſtraight did call.

Seeing them both ſick unto death,
And could not long retain their breath,
A further miſchief to prevent,
With ſpeed ſhe for a Doctor ſent.

But before the Doctor came, we find,
Their fading breath they did reſign;
While her dear mother ſat weeping by,
Bewailing her ſad deſtiny.

But God who brings ſuch things about,
By him the murder was found out,
Oppreſſed ſore with guilt and ſhame,
In tears ſhe did confeſs the ſame.

Before Juſtice Jones ſhe's brought with ſped.
And by him ſhe was examined,
While ſhe in tears did ſore lament,
To Glouceſter priſon ſhe was ſent.

At laſt the aſſizes drawing near,
She then was brought unto the bar,
To ſtand her trial as 'tis ſaid,
According to the law of God,

The gentry came both far and near,
Her fatal trial for to hear;
She by her words, poor ſoul was caſt,
And was condemn'd to die at laſt,

O! then she was condemn'd to die,
What dreadful bitter shrieks and cries,
Came from the rich as well's the poor,
The like was never heard before.

She back again to goal was sent,
Having a month's time to repent,
To make her peace with God on high,
But, Oh! the fatal day drew nigh.

The night before the fatal day,
She for her mother sent straightway,
Who came to her with flowing eyes,
With wringing hands and bitter cries,

At last the fatal morning came,
On which she must receive her doom,
Honoured mother then, said she,
I've one thing more to beg of thee.

Let me be laid between these two,
Which I shall mention unto you,
Between my sister who is not here,
And him whom I esteem so dear.

To this her mother dear agreed,
And he was sent for with all speed,
Who to the prison came in tears.
To take a farewell of his dear.

She flew about his neck straightway,
Kissing his lips, these words did say,
"My dear and only joy, said she,
"See what I've got by loving thee."

First out of prison she was led,
Unto the church was brought, its said,
From head to foot all cloth'd in white,
Which was a very awful sight.

The ſermon being ended, ſtraight
From the church, to the ſtake was brought
With heart more cold than ice or lead,
Turning about theſe words ſhe ſaid,
" All that do come to ſee me die,
" Behold and ſee my deſtiny;
" See that the Lord your love and fear,
" And honour both your parents dear"
With weeping eyes ſhe ſhook her head,
Theſe words ſhe to the people ſaid,
" Serve God, your parents well obey,
" For you've no friends alive like they."
She on her knees did a bleſſing crave,
Of God for Chriſt's ſake her ſoul to ſave,
Then up the ladder ſhe did aſcend,
With flowing eyes and wringing hands.
The pſalms and prayers being done,
Before the ladder it was turn'd
She called out for the young man,
Who by her ſide did trembling ſtand.
Behold, ſaid ſhe, a gentle heart,
Juſt ready to reſign her breath,
My dear ſaid ſhe, my love to thee,
Has brought this ſhameful death to me.
O give one kiſs from thy dear lips,
The which I love ſo dear, ſhe ſaid,
Do not deny me my dear, ſaid ſhe,
I will be the laſt I ſhall get from thee.
Kiſſing his lips, ſhe cry'd aloud,
Receive a ſinner now I come,
Dear Chriſt receive a ſinful ſoul,
She ne'er ſpoke more but off ſhe ſwung.

Her lover's heart with grief was broke,
After that moment never ſpoke,
He ſtraight went home and took his bed,
But next morning was found dead,
They both were burried in one grave,
The Lord above their ſouls receive
In Gloceſter city there they ly,
And ſo I end my tragedy.

Her prayer at the place of Execution.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the time of trouble, incline thine ear unto me when I call, O hear me, and that right ſoon.

For my days are conſumed away as ſmoke, and my bones are burnt up as it were a firebrand.

My heart is ſmitten down and withered like graſs ſo that I forget to eat my bread.

For the voice of my groaning, my bones will ſcarce cleave to my fleſh.

I am become like a pelican in the wilderneſs, and like an owl that is in the deſarts.

Mine enemies revile me all the day long, and they that are mad upon me are ſworn together againſt me.

The children of thy ſervants ſhall continue, and there ſeed ſhall ſtand faſt in thy ſight. FINIS